

New York Tribune.

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The Short Ballot and the Long.

There is no subject upon which the public is so nearly agreed as the necessity for reducing the number of elective offices. An amendment providing for the short ballot has just passed the Assembly. No voice is raised against the principle, though there is a difference of opinion over details.

The public has tried it and has found that it cannot give sufficient attention to the qualifications of candidates for many offices to choose them wisely and hold them feverishly responsible for the performance of their duties. It has concluded that wherever practicable it is better to elect one official, let him appoint the others and hold him responsible for their work. That is better democracy than for the people to take too much upon their shoulders by trying to choose directly too many public servants. It is better democracy because it is more workable.

But why should the country go in for the indirect choice of officials and for direct legislation? Why should we all agree after trial that we need a short ballot of officials and yet some of us argue for a long ballot of initiative referendum proposals? If six or eight state officers are too many to elect—as they are when they might just as well be appointed and attention concentrated on the appointive power—why should we blithely essay voting upon twenty or thirty legislative measures, as they do in some of our states alleged to be more perfectly democratic?

The short ballot toward which this state is moving is a sound device. The long ballot of legislative proposals and what not which prevails in other states is not. Its democracy is only apparent, not real. No machinery is truly democratic which the people cannot work easily and well.

Is Judge Goff Judge Lynch?

Our neighbor "The Sun" is never more entertaining than when it "defends the courts," which it does whenever the United States Supreme Court is not asserting the power of Congress to control big business. Because The Tribune spoke sharply of the Court of Appeals decision granting Becker a new trial "The Sun" asks if The Tribune wants "Judge Lynch."

Is Lynch law a happy name to apply to the process under which Becker was tried and convicted? Was the learned judge who presided at that trial Judge Lynch? He has sat on the bench nearly twenty years, having first been elected as Recorder and then as Justice of the Supreme Court, after a long experience in criminal law as Assistant District Attorney and in private practice. The jury before whom Becker was tried was universally admitted to be an unusually intelligent one. In the conduct of the District Attorney the Court of Appeals found only one trivial error to criticize. The hearing of the case took twenty days. If such a proceeding is Lynch law, what would "The Sun" have?

For our part we think that the results attained before so experienced a court and so capable a jury should stand unless a better reason could be found for overthrowing them than the Court of Appeals alleged in this case. We believe that if the scandalous inefficiency of our judicial procedure, condemned in sharper terms by ex-President Taft than by us, is to end, if the base accusation that the rich can buy delay and immunity which are not open to the poor is to fall, trial court proceedings must have an authority and a finality that they have not now, and the Judge Goffs sitting in such courts must be safe from being called Judge Lynch, whether by higher courts or by our zealous neighbor "The Sun."

Tammany Legislators Back the Police System.

Tammany's legislative policy toward Mayor Mitchell's police reform bills was shown plainly enough in the heckling the Mayor got from Frawley, the tried and true, and Cullen, McCooey's trusty legislator. The Tammany which ran a "police bureau" among its other campaign adjuncts last fall could not well do anything now but support the police conditions which in other days have contributed to the support of Tammany—and may do so again.

But what of the Democrats who figure in the uplift, and what of the Republicans and Progressives? Surely they do not want to help Tammany uphold the "System." Surely they do not want to put the Legislature into the position of saying to New York City's Mayor that he cannot have laws under which the city's police force can be made worth its salt.

Legislators always talk loudly in favor of home rule. This is a specific case where they can prove how much they favor that principle. The metropolis has to ask the Legislature for authority to handle its police problem because of the charter's provisions and court rulings. There is a tremendous public sentiment behind the Mayor in his request that a Police Commissioner have the right to dismiss a policeman permanently, without interference from the courts. By every rule of logic there should be no general legislative opposition to these bills. It is not to be expected that Tammany would turn on its friend the "System." It is incredible, though, that legislators not controlled by Tammany could hesitate to help New York to wipe out the police grafters and the crooks they protect.

The Legislature's Month of Grace.

The Legislature, having fixed March 27 as the date of final adjournment, has a month of life left. It has to its credit two months of partisan snapping and snarling—and little else. The remaining time will have to be well employed to make the session of 1914 seem one of profit to the public.

It is not to be expected that there will be monumental achievement in new statute making from a

Legislature with one Democratic and one Republican house. There should be study and care in perfecting old statutes. There should be economy in legislative expenses and close paring down of department appropriations. There should be prompt action on important legislation not within the realm of partisan politics. These things the public will expect, and has a right to expect, from the Legislature. It has one brief month in which to make a good record.

The Game of Games in London.

While King George and about 30,000 loyal Britons struggled yesterday in London with the mysteries of baseball the "outlaws" and "inlaws" of our national game fell on each others' necks and fraternized. Charles Webb Murphy and the ructions he has caused were forgotten, and even the rumor that "Matty" was about to jump to the Federals lost its sting. When there are new worlds to conquer all baseball fandom is a unit and National League, American League and Federal League partisans are equally ready to subscribe to a missionary fund to be used in demonstrating to our British cousins that baseball is as much superior to cricket as cricket is to croquet.

Other American teams have played in Great Britain, but none have enjoyed before this the countenance of the sovereign or the serious consideration of a public which has begun to wonder whether after all it hasn't much to learn from a study of American achievements and methods in the world of sports. In most recent international competitions—in court and lawn tennis, polo and the Olympic games—America has led Great Britain, and those triumphs may have prepared the British to take into their calculations the advisability of introducing a game which has the vital characteristics of Americanism stamped all over it.

If alien Cuba can gladly domesticate the greatest of American outdoor sports, why shouldn't our blood relatives of the British Isles also domesticate it?

Mr. Punch, Emeritus.

It is a long time since Tennial retired from the staff of "Punch," but for most American readers of that periodical, who do not all religiously keep track of it from week to week, he has probably continued as the embodiment of its finer spirit. Partly this persistence of his in the public imagination has been due to his mere length of days as a cartoonist. He had been there so long that from our general ideas of "Punch" he was inseparable. The truth is, however, that Tennial expressed in his work the very genius of his paper. He fulfilled that ideal, essentially English, of the "gentlemanly satirist" which prevailed at the famous Round Table in the days of Thackeray and Dicky Doyle and has been cultivated with devout zeal by all their successors. Or course his drawings sometimes gave pain. We felt their sting at the time of the Civil War. Nevertheless, as his life's work is surveyed in a broad perspective, a certain mild and urbane wit is noted as its principal characteristic, and that, from beginning to end, in all its wealth of text and picture, has been the wit of "Punch."

Tennial had fancy rather than imagination. On a memorable occasion, when he illustrated Lewis Carroll, the original humor of his author spurred him to an invention not always familiar in his career. He was not a type of creative art, nor did he have that sense of racy, immediate, everyday life which meant so much to Leech and Keene. Neither, by the same token, had he any of the latter's genius as a pen draftsman. But Tennial easily made up for what he may have lacked in respect to the gifts enjoyed amongst his fellows by the light grace and charm of his designs. He knew better than any of them how to adjust his cartoon to the exigencies of the paper in which it appeared. His decorative compositions fit the page as though they had been prepared by a printer turned artist, rather than by a quizzical commentator on public affairs. Though a cartoon by him duly had its point and occasionally struck out a rarely significant thought, as in the case of the renowned "Dropping the Pilot," his art will be remembered not so much for what it conveyed to the mind as for the pleasure which it gave to the eye. No one has recaptured this gracious spell of his. Clever cartoons appear in "Punch" to this day, but they do not illustrate the old tradition. That has died at last, and died utterly, we believe, with Sir John Tenniel.

The Silent State of Matrimony.

It is the eternal *de-à-tête* of married life that most critics of that blissful condition find fault with. From it spring boredom and dull, sodden silence, assert these cynics. Therefore a hint for escaping this one depressing quality of marriage should have our best attention.

We find the recipe in the words of Mrs. William Hodge, wife of "The Man from Home," who, like most successful actors, is on the road a good part of the time. The "marital vacations," as Mrs. Hodge calls them, are the secret of happiness, she asserts. When she joins her husband on tour for a few days there is no dull moment:

No one can say of us, as we sit at a restaurant table *vis-à-vis*. "Oh, that man and woman are married. How can one tell? Why, because they haven't spoken to each other all the evening."

The utterly married will probably retort to this criticism that they do not, silence, that they couldn't bear a vacation, and that dull, dank monotony is their ideal of bliss. But to the less sublimely content the suggestion of little holidays for the happily married may come as a timely and welcome relief.

The Latest "Last Word" in Shipbuilding.

The Britannic, which was launched at Belfast yesterday, is another "last word" in shipbuilding. The preceding last word, loudly proclaimed as such, was the Titanic. Perhaps it is of good omen that the Britannic is not as much vaunted as an unsinkable ship as was its unfortunate predecessor. In less boasting there may be more safety.

It was announced immediately after the Titanic disaster that the plans of the Britannic, then under way, would be radically recast in view of the lessons then learned. It now appears that this promise has been kept. Some of the most striking features of the big ship's construction are those which were lacking in the Titanic and to the lack of which the loss of that vessel was largely attributable.

We do not for a moment assume that this new liner will prove to be indeed the very "last word." There will be larger and finer and better ships, produced at the same yard and elsewhere. But it is gratifying to see that the Britannic is a decided improvement over its predecessor in the supreme quality of safety, and that thus in a sense the victims of the Titanic did not altogether die in vain.

There were also some people who said that the Dred Scott decision wasn't reactionary.

The Giants ran true to form in being beaten yesterday in the only game of the King George series.

The Conning Tower

Do You Know?

I shot a poem into the Tower.
It showed acumen, skill and power;
Yet no one grabbed me by the hand
To say: "Old kick, this stuff is grand!"

But some one went to work and wrote:
"Dear Sir: You are a rotten poet";
Another said: "You have no style";
Another: "My, that verse is vile!"

And so I thought: "Why slave and strive
To be the greatest bard alive?
I'll write without the slightest care
For words and rhythm and rhyme—so there!"

Whereat I did a slipshod rhyme
And said: "To print it were a crime."
'Twas printed. . . . And the public swore
As roundly at me as before.

I learn from these two flights in rhyme
You can't please people all the time;
In fact, though earnest your endeavor,
It's difficult to please 'em ever.

Ambassador Page is our publisher; and only last night we received a royalty check from his estimable concern; but something tells us—Mr. Page sat next to the King at yesterday's ball game, and "coached him in the intricacies of the game"—that the King has an erroneous, if pleasant, idea of the American fan, if Mr. Page is his notion of it.

Mexico.

By MAWRUSS PERLMUTTER.

I SEEN WERTHER!
And what is more, he sent for me we should have it a talk. So I went right away on the house where he is staying, which if that is a palace I give you my word Abe Potash's flat on East a Hundred and seventeenth street is *doch* a castle, and Abe's flat ain't such a wonder neither, understand me. But Abe, he is very funny that way. Only the other day he says to me, "Mawruss," he says, "it is all right you should live in a elegant style, Mawruss, but I would prefer to save my money and put it into a business which it is a good thing *one* of the partners has got the interest of it at heart, Mawruss." I didn't answer him at all I was so *broguis* at him. Just like I wasn't traveling all over in hotels like the Mansion House in Greenfield Mass *oder* the Brock House in Rutland Vermont, and when I get back home who could blame me if I like a little comfort?

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Perlmutter," says Werther.

"Well, Mr. Werther," I says, "you got it a nice, *bekovet* place here. What is the news in your line?"

And just as he was giving me something, which I was putting down in my order book, a little teller comes up and says he is wanted on the phone and he goes away with *oser* so much as good-by *oder* he was pleased to meet me and I stuck around there three hours in the hot sun and you can *glauh mir oder* not, I had enough of this war. Please phone Abe he should give \$50 to Andrew Carnegie's peace funds, and charge it to advertising, and oblige.

If we were a city editor, we should send reporters to interview Charles W. Morse and Harry Thaw as to their attitudes on the Becker case.

As we misinterpret it, Becker advances one base on Goff's error, and Shay scores.

BINGIN' ON THE RIO GRANDE.

ANOTHER THREE-PLY POEM BY THE CONTRIBUNAL, J. O. L., CHOCOT AND NAT.

If we wrote a villanelle about that Villa.
The guerilla who is out to grab the tiller—
Or could spill a solemn thesis on the land where
never peace is.

Would we prove that villain Villa was a killer?
And if Villa, like Achilles with the willies,
Were to fill a cannon full of sauce from Chili
With a squad of Escamillos? and a horde of armadillos
Were to capture Villa now, or willy-nilly?

Then a-riding on a filly, he would beat it to Manilly,
Till a feller there would tie him to a pillar;
With a chilly banderilla he would put an end to
Villa . . .

Won't that make a silly seven-reeler thriller?

A prophet is, etc. Horace Traubel's "Chants Communal" is to be had in the N. Y. Pub. Lib. only in the German translation.

The Contris' Opera.

WORDS BY BAB. MUSIC BY SULLIVAN.

It's clear that this contributing to the Tower has its zest.

To charm and please with verse and wheeze, we've done our little best.

We don't know much about it*, as you guess from what we sing.
But as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of thing:

You turn your words like this, you turn your words like that;

You hope your wit will make a hit for every time at bat;

Your chances may be slim, but keep your pen in trim.

The best, they say, is G. S. K., so form your style on him.

*But we know what we like.

Indians are exempt from income-taxation, so Messrs. Albert Bender and John T. Meyers are likely to compete in the world series again next October.

Four-line Thoughts About Feline Animals

By LINDSAY DENTON

Let Freddy Steele stick
to his art

Or, playing pool, de-
light his heart.

I'll bet a green and
yellow hat

He never typed a
Grouchy Cat.

GROUCHY CAT.

Suggested by the rainbow wigs:

Darling, I am on the blink,

Purple threads among the pink

Shine upon my scarlet bean,

Orange and ultramarine.

"She wore a Puritan cap," wires the Tribune's

Palm Beach correspondent, night-press-rating of Miss

Elsie Ladew, "and hosiery to match."

Puritan hosiery, we take it, being blue stockings.

F. P. A.

AND A SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

FAREWELL TO THE UPLIFT

The Modest Efforts of Governor Glynn Are Elucidated by a Tender Critic.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: For reasons of purely a humanitarian and sentimental nature, I greatly deplore the tendency of The Tribune to comment, sometimes with acerbity, upon the activities of so virtuous and honorable a gentleman as the present Governor of this state.

In the words of King Henry the Fifth: "If little faults, proceeding on distemper, Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed and digested, Appear before us?"

Mr. Glynn never so much as visited a friend on "the street called straight." It has not yet appeared in the record that he ever "saw a great light" either on the road to Damascus or to Albany. He has never conversed with an Ass on a narrow pass through the mountains, although he quite obviously has conversed with uncivilized asses since his advent into the Executive Mansion. He has never asserted his ability or alleged an inclination to lead anybody out of the Wilderness, nor has he ever scaled Mount Sinai in search for documentary instructions casting upon him a divine mission or a prophetic mantle.

It is possibly true that Mr. Glynn has been led by the light of a star in the skies, for it is a very poor man who cannot have this little advantage. This Star may possibly be a fixed planet rising directly above the wigwag on 14th street, but Mr. Glynn is too humble a gentleman to attempt to reflex the position of the lights of heaven.

To be sure, Mr. Glynn has entered upon the statutes many enactments of an advanced nature. Not too advanced, understand, but just advanced enough to disarm criticism which might follow really serious advancement. When the magician is about to persuade a serpent to crawl from his mouth he first explodes a most illuminating powder which flashes the eye, and impels attention. He creates the correct illusion, upon which he proceeds to the business of the serpent.

It was necessary to Tammany's life that the highway investigations be concluded. Mr. Sulzer declined to conclude an entertainment providing so much of pathos and human interest. Ergo, Mr. Sulzer was removed after a most disagreeable operation and Mr. Glynn was installed. His Star was then hovering above 14th street.

It would appear to be disingenuous if too much haste were exercised in the matter of inviting Mr. Hennessy to seek fresher fields, and also it is best for a Governor elevated as was Mr. Glynn to move with caution, with delicacy and with much tact, for people are quite prone to pick notes from the eyes of their brethren. And so we are given a lot of legislation which means nothing. It reads very well. It was only the "flee" touched off by the mountebank.

In the ensuing smoke the Governor refuses to extend the powers of Mr. Whitman, so as to enable him to go to the bottom of the vile mess of filth that corrupts this state. He hampers in every way the essentially picturesque and ridiculous activities of Mr. Osborne. He suggests Mr. Delaney as his chief graft

investigator. He might with equal consistency have suggested Mr. Murphy of Manhattan.

JAMES ARTHUR NOBLE,
50 Church street, Feb. 24, 1914.

THE QUESTION OF MOTIVE

Judge Werner's Reasoning in the Becker Case Is Praised.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your forceful editorial comments in to-day's issue on the Becker case are very much to the point. The dissenting opinion of Judge Werner alone has steered free of all legal technicalities and side-tracking arguments in favor of granting a new trial. The crux of the whole question, as pointed out by him, is the establishment of the *motives* for the crime. By affirming the sentence of the gunmen the Court of Appeals adjudicates that the evidence produced against them, including that of having been bribed to commit the crime, is conclusive. If the gunmen have been bribed there must be a briber equally guilty. Who is that briber, if not Becker? So long as neither Becker nor any other person or persons are conclusively convicted of having bribed the gunmen, the motive in the latter for the commission of murder in the first degree is not established.

Killing a person without malice aforethought, implying some rationally explained motive, may be murder in the second degree or homicide, but it is not murder in the first degree. Without finding and conclusively convicting some one who bribed the gunmen their execution will amount to judicial murder, and will add another indelible blot on our administration of justice in this Empire State.

ADAM ROSENBERG,
New York, Feb. 25, 1914.

ANNOYING SMUGGLERS

A Reader Holds That Some Severe Punishment Is Needed.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Judging from what I read in your instructive columns, it would appear that there are two separate and distinct laws and punishments for smugglers: (1) For the prominent and affluent a fine, which, as you editorially say, is but a "trifling annoyance." This mode of punishment, instead of being a deterrent, rather operates to the contrary, for it stimulates others in the same opulent class to do likewise. (2) The obscure and impetuous man of woman, who innocently or otherwise brings a trifle into Uncle Sam's domains without declaring its possession and value, is in many instances not allowed the alternative of a fine in lieu of a prison sentence. A distinction with a difference.

"Courtesy of the Port." I wonder if this sugar coated form for evasion of duty, with, of course, a nominal donation to the suave official whose prerogative it was to issue these magical talismanic documents to the still-mouth favored ones, is still in vogue. The gleeful traveler knew then that the examination of his or her belongings would be merely perfunctory, in many instances no examination. Having disembarked at New York a great number of times, I know I am "within the facts."

MARY SCOTT ROWLAND,
London, Feb. 12, 1914.

A PLEA FOR THE RECALL

This Progressive Sees Only One Method of Reforming the Courts.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with the utmost interest your editorial entitled "A Decision That Is Likely to Defeat Justice," appearing in this morning's edition. Especially was I interested in the line reading, "The public applauded Justice Goff's conduct of the Becker trial." May I ask if you do not here, by inference, suggest that the public could better have been trusted in the matter than the Court of Appeals? And do you not approach dangerously near to admitting that some judicial decisions might wisely be recalled?

I believe in the Progressive party and in its distinguished leader, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt; but, notwithstanding this, I subscribed for and faithfully read The New-York Tribune throughout the last Presidential campaign, and I remember well that it persistently fought the Progressive doctrine on the recall of judicial decisions. Certainly an emergency you call a "trying scandal" has arisen, which points the way for the enactment into law of some such provision as the Progressive party sought.

GEORGE MOONEY,
Paterson, N. J., Feb. 25, 1914.

WHERE WOMEN SHOULD WORK

Not Exclusively in the Home, Declare an "Anti."

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me space to express pleasure and gratitude to M. B. B. for her essentially womanly, sensible letter in your issue of to-day, and to add to her experience in getting names my own even more successful one.

Last September, out of seventy-nine approached by me in ten days, I at once gained seventy-seven signatures, the other two took slips, promised to "think it over," and before the week expired I received both names.

We all hear the sneer of "Anti" place being in the home, etc., just as we hear the sneer of "heaven, home and mother" from Miss Anna Howard Shaw, but those who make the sneer will not see their responsibility for our temporary absences from home, to fight their propaganda, which is now openly avowed to abolish homes as well as give to women public life and political duties.

Be it noted, however, we never claim that our work is all in our homes. We represent a vast majority—about 90 per cent—of our sex in this country. This majority stands for woman's work in every branch—in the home, in charity, in philanthropy, in social and welfare service; in the betterment of all conditions of vice, of poverty and of labor, the protection of women and girls, the training and protection of minors of both sexes mentally, morally and physically (though boys do not seem to count for anything in these days).

We do not consider that our duties are surrounded by the walls of our homes. We do desire, however, to carry out those duties which belong to women alone, in our capacities as the makers of homes and rearers of children, unpaired by the further responsibilities and burdens which we feel a conscientious patriotic exercise of the franchise would entail.

R. A. LAWRENCE,
Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 24, 1914.